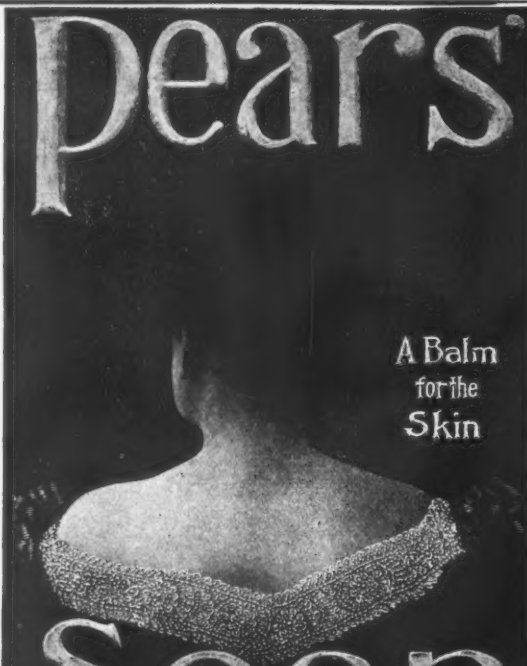


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His Wife: BUT CAN THEY PROVE THAT YOU HAVE BEEN DISHONEST?
"NO, THEY CAN'T; BUT I SHALL HAVE TO PAY A LAWYER ALL I HAVE STOLEN TO CONVINCE THEM THAT THEY CAN'T."




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By J. A. Mitchell

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LIFE





"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XL. AUGUST 7, 1902. No. 1032.
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UNUSUALLY agitating stories have come from Newport this summer, the details of which the public has been spared and the accuracy of which remains in welcome uncertainty. Most of these tales have had merely to do with vicissitudes of housekeeping and have concerned monkey dinners, kitchen and pantry tumults, and incompatibility between housekeepers and hired men, but the latest and most startling and scandalous tale of all was garnished with the figure of a man, bursting at night through a bedroom window, pursued by bullets. The narrators of this incident have described the man as "a well-known society leader," and the house as the dwelling of persons of fabulous means and exceedingly important social station. Happily they haven't told us any names, but have been satisfied with assuring us that the names were in everybody's mouth, and that if they were put into print all of us humble lookers-on would simply lie back and throw a long succession of fits.

We don't want to throw any fits over Newport occurrences, and thank the gossiping correspondents heartily for not filling in their outlines and for not mentioning any names. If they have been telling lies, they have done it very efficiently. If they have been telling the truth, Newport must have

experienced some very stirring sensations. So long as we don't know whether this latest lively story is true or not, it is not worth while to append morals to it.

Some persons consider that the influence of summer Newport is an exceedingly important factor in the regulation of American morals. It is certainly as much of a factor as abundant means and the industry of newspaper correspondents can make it, but surely that is not much. The people who influence us are the people whom we know and see, and who live under conditions such as surround us. But the country neither knows nor sees the "smart" Newport people. It reads their names; that is all. Huddled together as they are, their example is of much less consequence either for good or bad than if they were scattered throughout the country and brought more in contact with the ordinary people. They influence one another, and apparently at times they scandalize one another considerably.



WE have not been spared names or details in the accounts the papers have given of the downward career of young Mr. Strong. Yet the public morals are not likely to suffer in the least from anything we have read about him. He and his paramour are two disgusting persons who have succeeded in making vice and dishonor so unattractive that they have really made themselves of some value to society as horrible examples of what human beings ought not to be. There is a good deal of sympathy in the world for sinners who don't know any better, but not much for shameless impudence.



MR. BRYAN was never more interesting than he is this summer. His health and spirits seem as good as ever, and he brings abundant energy and much ability to the work of misleading the Democratic party.

On the surface of things he seems about the most mischievous man in the United States, for the Democratic party can hardly be of much use in national affairs until it gets rid of him, and he has evidently no idea of letting go of the party as long as he can hold on. His hold, though undoubtedly loosened, continues to be wonderfully strong. A fortnight ago the Missouri Democrats passed a resolution in favor of sixteen to one, just as though that historic ratio was still alive. It reminds one of the records in Holy Writ of the monotonous pertinacity with which the children of Israel clung to the disastrous heresies of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat. Never mind! All accessions of strength and sanity in the Democratic party just now strengthen the hold of Roosevelt on the Republican organization, and for that reason, if for no other, they are welcome. But Roosevelt is pretty strong anyway. His leadership seems to represent Republican salvation at present. Mr. Bryan may easily weaken the Democratic party so much that it cannot beat Roosevelt, but he can hardly cripple it to such an extent that the Republicans will venture to deny Roosevelt a renewal of his lease of the White House.



THE French Academy of Medicine has recommended the French Parliament to prohibit the sale of anisette, absinthe, bitters, vermouth, noyeau, chartreuse, gin and vulnerable, because they contain substances harmful to the public health. Persons who have formed the habit of consuming any of these fluids under the impression that they are beneficial to the health will please take warning. That gin should be among the liquors disapproved by the Academy is somewhat disquieting. Gin may be bad, but it does not look it. As for the others, they are hardly consumed in sufficient quantities by Americans to do much harm. The French seem to have an extraordinary addiction to liqueurs, a consequence, possibly, of the undermining influence of the national *cau sucrée* habit.



HEREAFTER.

IF THE GOLFER HAS HIS WAY.

Greatness.

BLOATED Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a "trusty" pie.
He put in a million
And pulled out a billion,
And said, "What a great boy am I!"

The Latest.



OYSTER BAY: It has leaked out that the Roosevelts breakfasted this morning, but the utmost reticence is maintained as to what they ate.

The President went out on horseback during the forenoon. A great crowd had collected. Mr. Roosevelt rode facing the horse's head. When the people saw this, they broke into cheers.

The Roosevelts' cook shopped in the city to-day. She wore heliotrope de chine with a lace front and a small floral toque of violets. She shook hands warmly with all the press representatives, but asked to be excused from discussing politics at this time.

A cow belonging to President Roosevelt broke out of her pasture just at noon and was photographed in eighteen positions for the New York

papers before she could be got back. The late extras confirm the rumor that all is quiet at the Roosevelt home to-night, but quote no official authority.

The Problem.

THE proposal, just now being renewed with uncommon urgency, that Washington society men wear knee-breeches, exhibits an aspect of the hired help problem unfamiliar to those who live outside the national capital.

Since sugar beets got into the political game, the rural Congressman is more than ever a social factor at Washington, and the rural Congressman who, after the first quart or two of frappé, can accurately differentiate between a society man in evening dress and a waiter in evening dress, is rare.

The waiters are naturally restive.

Advanced.

WHAT! Forty-five, and still a yellow journalist?"
"But he can lie like sixty!"



"VY, MORITZ! VAT YOU DOIN' MIT DE GOLDFISH?"
"I'M ONLY PUTTING A LITTLE ACID ON TO SEE IF THEY'RE PLATED!"

A Private Providence.



"GIRLS," I said, "are queer things, but it's all a matter of getting accustomed to them," and I looked sideways at Curtis.

We were sitting on the stone wall above the golf links, and both of us were smoking pipes. Curtis was cutting at the daisies with a brassie, and did not seem to follow me very closely, but I had come out that afternoon with something to say, and I meant to say it. It would take some leading up to, but having thought the whole thing out, I was prepared to do it neatly.

"The clever ones are the worst," I said. "For in-

stance, there's Ethel."

At that he jumped a little, and missed a daisy, but he cut it down savagely the next minute, while I stared away over the links. I wanted to slap him on the back, and say, "Come, old chap, let's talk it over quickly," but I reflected in time on the delicacy of my own position. I really thought the world of Curtis. He had stood up for me like a man through my freshman year at college, and by sophomore year we were good friends, though he was in the law school then; that was why he was at Aunt Helen's that vacation, and also why I was so disturbed over the present business.

"I used to think that Ethel's brains mightn't be such a drawback," I went on, once more cutting my eye at Curtis. He was certainly listening now. "Even after she went to college, she didn't seem so very different from other girls; and she could always hold her own at dances—more than hold it."

"You don't need to tell me that," put in Curtis, dryly; "it was at a college dance that I first met Eth—Miss Warrington."

I remembered the circumstance, and the look of her dance-card afterwards, with every number split into halves and quarters. Some fellows had trouble with their sisters' cards, but I never did with hers. (Except when seven fellows wanted the supper dance.)

"But however well she may manage in

other respects," I said in a generalizing tone, "brains always play the deuce in the matter of a girl's—well—taking a fancy." Rather red about the gills I was after that speech, for it seemed, as I got it out, a good deal clumsier and less diplomatic than I had intended; but to my relief Curtis answered on the generalizing tone too, and said he thought a girl was all the better off for having a strong head to guide her heart. His voice was as steady as you please, but the daisy tops were flying at a tremendous rate just then.

"Yes, but how does she use her head when the time comes?" I said. "Does she choose a good all-round man, who has hard sense and is an honor to his friends, who can pull a stroke oar"—there I stuck for a minute, for Curtis was stroke in his class boat, and I didn't want him to think I was personal—"and put the shot for a record"—that would show him I was still dealing only in generalities, for old Curt never went in for field sports—"and play golf like a man, or does she take up with a cad in eye-glasses, who thinks that nine holes are enough for an afternoon?"

Curtis dropped his brassie, took the pipe from his mouth, and sat staring into the bowl (where the fire was quite out) until I began to be afraid he hadn't been listening; but presently he moistened his lips, and said in a shaky voice:

"Is—is it Jermyn?"

So it was all up with the generalizing dodge. "Curt, old chap," I said frankly, "it may be Jermyn, and it may not be, for all I positively know; but of course he's beastly clever, and—well, I couldn't help speaking of the way the thing looks, to a fellow who knows something about girls."

After that we smoked on for some ten minutes or so, or rather I smoked, and Curtis pulled hard at his unlit pipe, and then Curtis said he thought he would take a walk, and would I carry his clubs to the house. I sat on the wall, watching him stride away over the links, and wondering what made girls such fools. It was hard to realize that a sister of mine could snub a fellow like that, and waste her time on Jermyn—walking with him, talking with him, reading George Meredith and Maeterlinck with him—just because he had written a book, and was a literary swell. Of course, as Curtis was such a catch, with his money and his good looks, she kept him dangling to plague the other girls; she'd be jolly and friendly and kind one minute, and so haughty and cool the next as to drive him distracted.

"But I think I've spiked your guns for once, Miss Ethel," I muttered; "as a rule, I don't interfere with your little games, but

you shan't draw Curtis on to propose, just for the fun of refusing him—no, ma'am!" With that I swung my legs over the wall, shouldered the clubs, and strolled across the lawn to the house.

There I found Aunt Helen, very cool and quiet in the library, and I told her, over a big tumbler of iced stuff, what I had had to do. Aunt Helen is the sort of person you tell things to. She listened in her quiet way, looking a bit worried and yet (I almost thought) a bit amused too, as she asked me if Mr. Curtis wasn't big enough to look out for himself. I explained that although he was, of course, much older than I, still he had never cared much about girls—not that I cared about girls either, but the fact of having a sister had given me the advantage of a chance to learn their ways. I might have said more, but just then the rest of the house party began to drop in—Ethel among them with Jermyn in her train—hot and thirsty from an afternoon on the links, and clamoring for lemonades and things; so I slipped into a chair near the door, ready to escape if little Miss Page came in. She was the giggling one.

And before very long she came, though, strange to say, she wasn't giggling. She stopped on the sill, and shot out her words like bullets.

"Mr. Curtis says he is going home."

Everybody stopped talking, and Aunt Helen gave me one long look across the room, as much as to say: "Now you've done it."

"On the six-fifteen train," added Miss Page, as she dropped into a chair, and upon that all the girls began to buzz at once, except Ethel, who was busy with the loaf-sugar, and didn't seem to pay much attention to the conversation. But Jermyn was not the man to let her mind wander. He must have thought he had a masterful way with him, and he liked to make the girls believe that he could read their very souls. And by the way, I should be sorry for the girl who had no more in her soul than Jermyn found there, for he made them all out arrant flirts and schemers, and oddly enough they didn't seem to mind. Most of them, that is, though I could have told him not to carry the thing too far with Ethel.

But that day he seemed bent on doing it.

"What, Miss Warrington," he said, turning to her, "Curtis going, and with his scalp on, too?" You see, he guessed that she hadn't had a chance to refuse him. "It can't be your fault, and yet I shouldn't have thought him the man to love and ride away."

"Well, Ethel, my dear," thought I to myself, "if that's your clever man, give me a fool," for plenty of fools would have

known enough not to make that speech. Not only because Ethel went white and red, and gave him a look that ought to have shrivelled him up, but because, with more of the crowd dropping in every minute, he might have been prepared for what came next. That was a big, quiet voice speaking up from the doorway.

"I hope, Mr. Jermyn, that I am not the man to do either without good cause."

It was Curtis, of course, coming in with Billy Page. I glanced at Ethel, and got such a shame-faced look in return that I began to feel sorry for her—even though she had played fast and loose with Curt. He saw the look, and thought he could end her distress.

"Miss Warrington does not parade her conquests," he said, "but there is no reason why I should not tell you that she has refused to marry me."

The last few minutes had been so many galvanic shocks to me, but I was bearing up pretty well till I heard that statement; that floored me. I saw Ethel's eyes turn chain-lightning loose at Curtis, who wasn't looking; I saw him cross over to Aunt Helen, and begin to talk about how hot it was, as if he hadn't a thought in life beyond ginger ale; I heard the rest of them trying to make conversation, and then Miss Page's giggle, once. I didn't stop to hear it again. The thing was getting too complicated, it hurt my head; so, slipping out, I snatched a cap from the rack and made for a place I knew by the pond, to lie low and think it over.

At first, I could think of nothing but the joy of seeing Jermyn get such a facer; I didn't remember ever having seen a man so used up. But when I thought of the other two, I wasn't so pleased, for I felt I had been badly treated. It is all very well to keep your own counsel, but Curtis needn't have let me have my worry for nothing, without a word to tell me that the mischief was done already. As for Ethel, my conscience smote me a bit for my harsh judgment of her; she did not seem at all proud of Curtis's scalp, as Jermyn would say, and I felt I had been unjust; but since she was the right sort after all, the more reason why she might have been expected to give me a hint of what had happened, knowing my feeling for Curt. The longer I thought about it, the hotter I got, and when all at once I spied them—the two of them—

coming down towards me through the grove, it made me as mad as if they had trailed me on purpose.

"Can't a fellow find peace anywhere to-day?" I growled to myself, and rolled behind a tree to let them go by. Of course they stopped; I might have known they would have to, or walk into the pond; but I gritted my teeth, and kept still. "Your

precious secret is out now, young folks," I thought, "and I'm not likely to be overhearing any more."

Wasn't I, though? Ethel's first words made me sit up. She was angry; I knew the voice, with the sound like a tight guitar string.

"You seem to think nothing of my false position," she said, "in being



"SO YOU HAVE AT LAST SETTLED ON A NAME FOR THE BABY?"
 "YES'M. FIRST WE NAMED HIM HOBSON, THEN CHANGED IT TO DEWEY, AN' AFTERWARDS TO FUNSTON SCHLEY JOHNSON. BUT NOW WE'VE NAMED HIM JES' PLAIN JIM. YO' NEVAH FINDS YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE WHEN YOU CALLS 'EM JES' NOTHIN' BUT JIM."



THE SHIPLOAD OF MAIDS TO JAMESTOWN.

"THOU ART LATE, JOHN, BUT FORTUNATELY ONE DAMSEL STILL REMAINS."

made a party to your deceit."

"Upon my honor, I can't see it so," said Curtis; "your position was false only while you submitted to that"—here he swallowed a word with a great gulp—"to Jermyn's insinuations. The bare fact is that I am going away because you do not love me; and there is so little real difference between your having told me so, and my having found it out for myself, that I thought I might stretch the facts so far." After a pause he added: "It seemed the simplest way."

"It wasn't the truth," persisted Ethel, obstinately; she was leaning against a tree, and I thought she seemed to be in an ugly humor. Curtis was terribly distressed.

"You can't think how sorry I am that you feel so about it," he said; "I am very, very sorry—more sorry than I can say."

To that she answered nothing at all, but kept her eyes on the ground. Presently Curtis began to speak again in a low voice, and before I knew it I had a lump in my throat as big as my fist. It was no use to tell myself that I was a fool, and that it was only old Curtis talking to my own sister, who wasn't half good enough for him (I hated Ethel cordially just then); still the lump stuck.

Curtis was saying that he would never forgive himself for having caused her a

moment's pain, though he had only been trying in his clumsy way to show his love for her; that because he had known and loved her, he would be a better man all his life, and would try, out of pure gratitude for what she had been to him, to play a man's part in the world; and a great deal more of the kind, in his low, steady voice, while I swore that if Ethel could listen to Jermyn after that, I would disown her. And at last he asked her to give him her hand in token of forgiveness.

She gave him her hand, and he took it in both his; I think he kissed it.

"This is good-bye," he said. "It is almost train-time, and I shall not see you again."

"Must you go?" said Ethel, very low, with her eyes still on the ground.

"It is best that I should go," he answered gently. He kissed her hand again, and released it, but there was something wrong with Ethel yet; that was plain to see.

"You are still thinking that I made you act a lie," he said, in a discouraged tone, and though she shook her head silently to say that it wasn't that, he got no comfort out of the denial. Then all at once he drew himself up and did a plucky thing—harder than walking up to a cannon's mouth, and as hopeless.

"We can square that," he said, "by

turning the lie into truth." Off came his hat, and he stood uncovered. "Miss Warrington," said he, with a very white face, "will you marry me?"

Said Ethel, in a faint little voice that I could hardly hear:

"Yes, if you want me."

If I couldn't believe my ears, neither could he.

"Do you mean it?" was all he could say. And then I saw a new Ethel. I thought I had nothing to learn about that sister of mine, after twenty years' acquaintance with her and her high and mighty ways, but this was a girl I didn't know. She looked up with cheeks as pink as peonies, and lifted her face to Curt's as if she had been used to it all her life. I saw the old chap catch her up in his arms like a baby, and next minute I had rolled over, and was wriggling away through the grass for dear life.

Half an hour later I sneaked into the house by the back door, for the mud and grass stains brought from my late retirement made me no fit spectacle for the crowd on the front veranda; but of course Aunt Helen caught me. My face must have borne (besides smears) the marks of mental upheaval, for she exclaimed:

"Why, Ted, are you ill?"

"No, ma'am," I said, "I'm only an ass. Why is Bob putting up the trap?"

She gave me one of those looks that you couldn't read with a dictionary.

"Mr. Curtis could hardly catch the six-fifteen train now," she said.

"I wouldn't have him unhitch, if I were you," said I, playing the inscrutable game myself; "there's another at seven-thirty."

"Why, Ted!" she gasped. I kissed her.

"No, Curtis won't want to take it," I said, "but Jermyn might."

And he did. Of course, anyone is liable to make mistakes sometimes (as I admitted to Aunt Helen that evening after dinner), but I must say that my observations are generally correct.

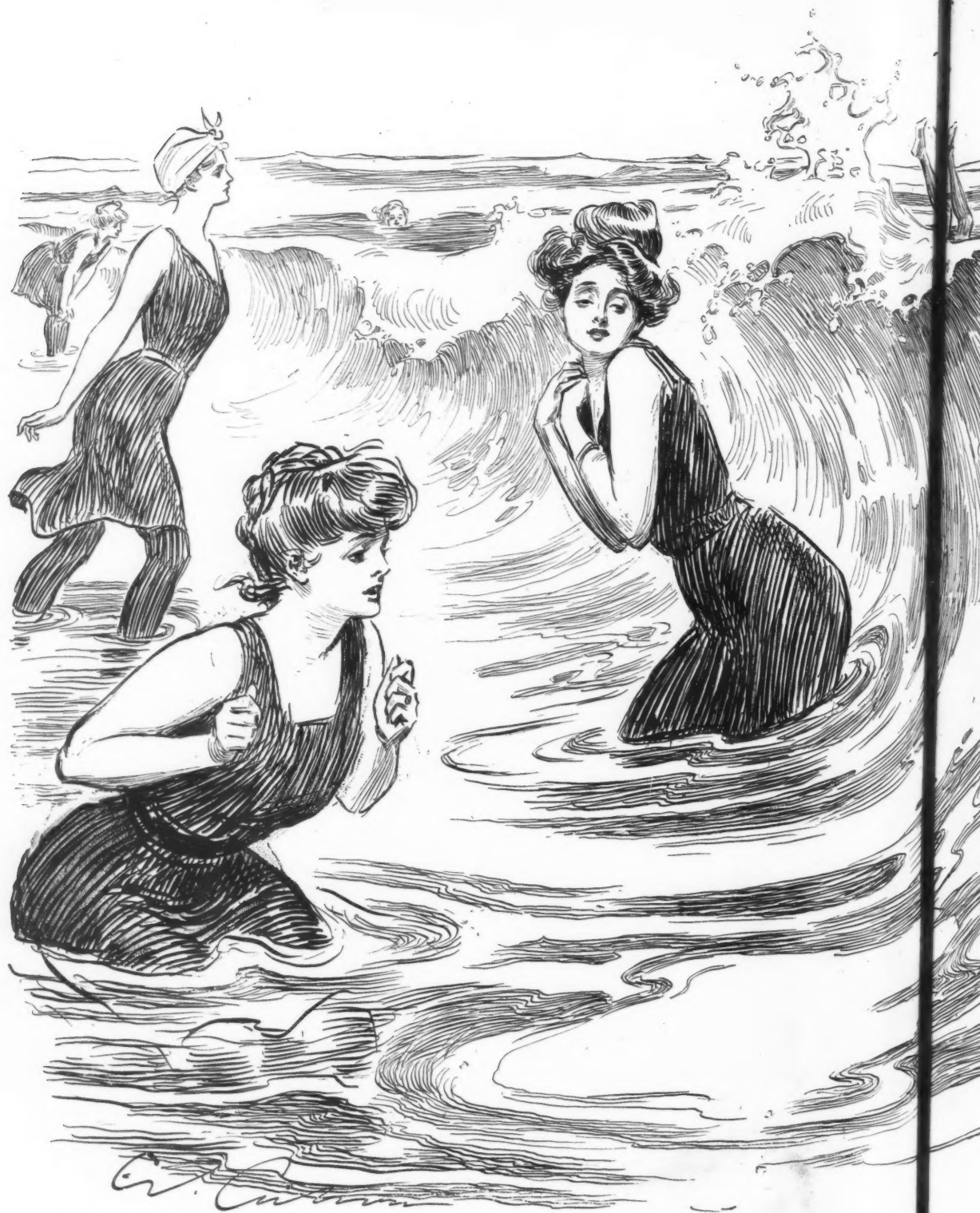
Cora A. Hardy.



DINING OUT.

Mr. Rabbit: NO, THANKS. I NEVER EAT MEAT, AS IT MAKES ONE GROW COARSE.

Mr. Lion: WELL, I HAVE EATEN A GOOD DEAL, AND IT NEVER DONE ME NO HARM.



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PLENTY OF FISH IN





All things may come to those who wait;
But do not rest upon your oar,
For you may find, perhaps too late,
The things were not worth waiting for.

The Drama.

ONE who should know whereof he affirms tells us that John Drew, the actor, is paid \$500 a week, Maude Adams \$500 a week, Lillian Russell \$1,500, William Gillette \$1,000 and Mrs. Leslie Carter \$1,200.

Goethe voiced but half the truth; art is not only long, but lucrative.

After all, why should the gifts of the Muses be dealt with otherwise than as if they were real estate or car lots of hogs? The Muses won't stand for it, perhaps, but the public doesn't seem to mind. The old notion that a keenness for coin is not compatible with the highest service of art is pretty thoroughly exploded.

It is interesting to observe that the Zeitgeist is not altogether occupied with the box-office, but has left a squameous fold or two with which to embrace the greenroom.

THE report of the game warden of Ontario, estimating that ten thousand red deer were killed in his province during an open season of fifteen days,



shows that we are nothing if not virile in our sport. A Spaniard is content to see killing done by others, and a mere bull-fight delights him. But the American has to do the killing himself or it is not fun for him.

The Work.

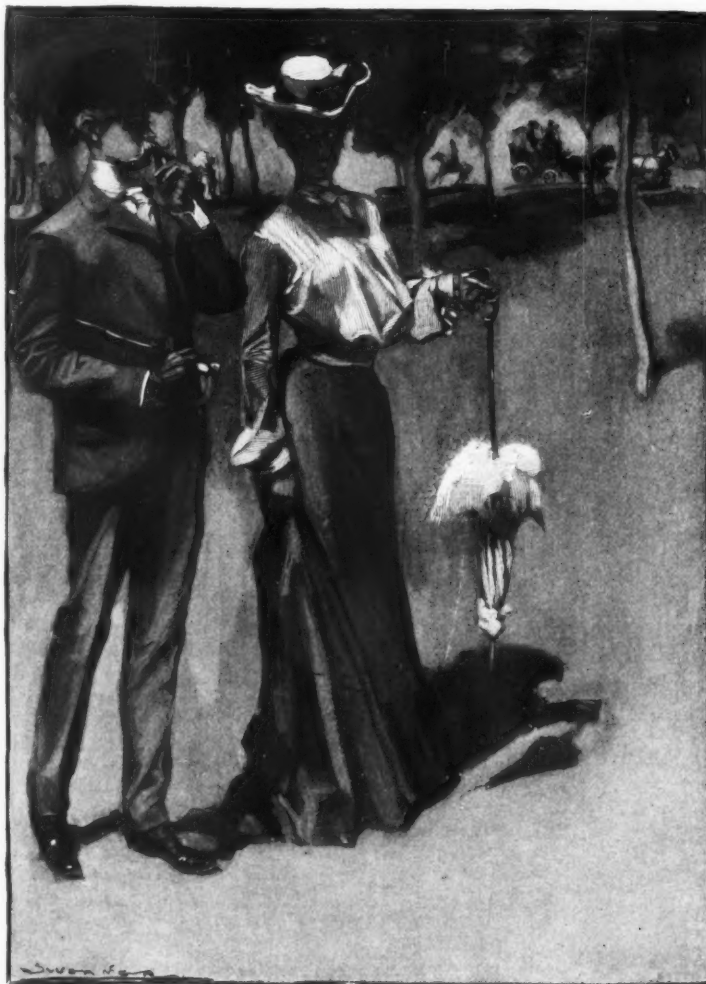
Just as soon as it is possible, I shall return to Bulgaria and resume my work.

—Miss Ellen Stone.

NOBODY supposes that the work lags through any fault of Miss

Stone. The blame rests rather with the brigands. These brigands are an unsteadfast lot, impatient of hardship, and loth to abduct lady missionaries unless they are assured that the ransom will be promptly forthcoming. Leading brigands have been heard privately to exclaim that they would rather go to work than endure another captivity as prolonged as that of Miss Stone.

To what extent the intrigues of rival lecture and freak bureaus is intensifying the embarrassment, is problematical.



NECESSITY KNOWS NO LAW.

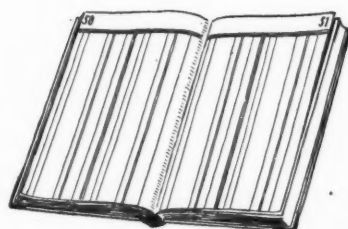
He: I HOPE YOU ARE NOT GETTING TIRED OF ME.
"HOW COULD I? WHY, YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN AT THE HOTEL!"

Life's Esteemed Contemporaries.

If you can't guess who they are, look on page 119.



1



2



3



4



5

A Sea Turn.

UPON the steamer's deck they met,
Midway across the ocean.
Calm was the sea as could be, yet
The ship was full of motion.
By day he read to her, and when
The stars were bright above her,
Between the hours of nine and ten
He learned to play the lover.

Of course the little romance grew,
Until there came the moment
When there was nothing else to do,
But find what *Yes* or *No* meant.
He braced himself as best he could,
His pulse was firm and steady,
And while his appetite was good
He found the words were ready.

He sought her by the taffrail where
She lingered—lovely dreamer!
He took her hand; he called her fair;
When, suddenly, the steamer
Rose proudly up and took a plunge,—
This happens in all sea-tales,—
And Love—well, Love threw up the
sponge:

We won't go into details.

Feliz Carmen.

Nulla Discrimine (nit).

IN connection with the persistent report that the Maharajah of Jaypoor was to have worn skirts at the coronation, it is impossible to forget that the intimation to our representatives was knee-pants or nothing.

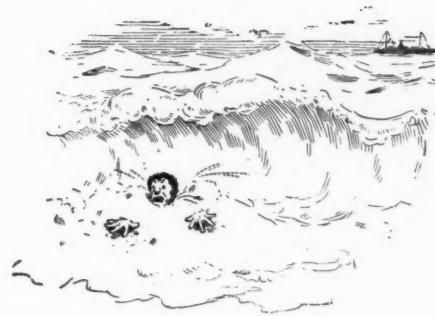
Does the "most favored nation" clause in our treaties with Great Britain mean anything or not?

Is blood, after all, thicker than water?

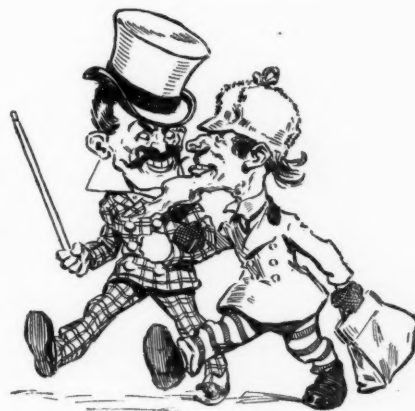
IT is only our small miseries that we tell to the world.



6



7



8



Shipwrecked Briton: WHERE IS YOUR SHIP BOUND FOR, MY GOOD MAN?

"LONDON."

"BUT, I SAY, YE KNOW! HANG IT ALL! I JUST CAME FROM THERE."

A Trying Situation.

TO have my darling doubt my word
Doth sometimes sorely grieve me,
I speechless sit when she's inferred
She didn't quite believe me.
I sigh, as though most deeply stirred,
And pray faith may imbue her,—
It's tough to have her doubt my word
When I've been lying to her!

Roy Farrell Greene.

Still in the Air.

THAT the Chicago masters in chancery have refrained from deciding the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy occasions no surprise to such as observe the circumstances at all narrowly.

Bacon made Chicago famous, and while the friends of Shakespeare do not openly impute prejudice, motives of delicacy naturally restrain the masters in chancery from assuming jurisdiction.

There is little or no talk of a change

of venue. It is obviously better to leave matters as they are than to press the controversy to a decision which will not be generally binding on the literary world.

NATURE, though lovely, is somewhat untidy.

Medium.

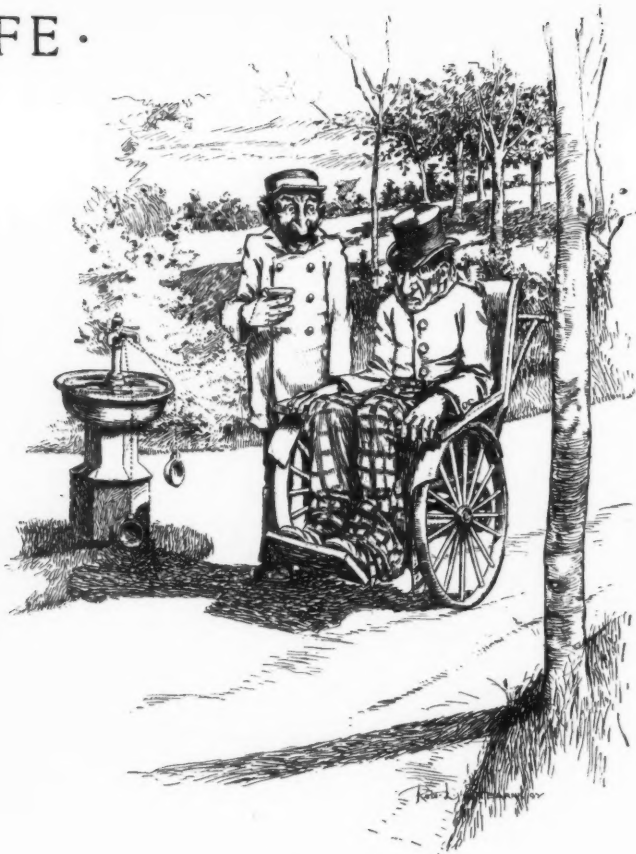
FIRST AMERICAN: Which do you prefer, Marius, to be very rich or very poor?

SECOND AMERICAN: If I had my choice, Aurelius, I should be neither. I should have about five millions.

THE less trouble we take in bearing trouble the less of it we have.

"AND so you ran away from your wife to enlist in the army. What did you do that for?"

"I'm a lover of peace."



AT A HEALTH RESORT.

"ARE ALL THE PEOPLE HERE INVALIDS?"

"OH, NO, SIR! SOME OF 'EM ONLY JUST COME, SIR."

Some Testimonies.

THIS year my asparagus bed did not thrive. After waiting until July, and only an occasional head appearing, I started in to read aloud to it "Science and Health, With Key to the Scriptures." I am now sending a carload a day to market, after supplying my own wants.

MRS. SADIE GREEN.

Two years ago I became a healer, after borrowing the money to pay for my course. Since then I have paid back all I owed, and have money in the bank. I bless Mother daily. It's a grand work.

MAUD S.

I had a fierce claim of rats and green snakes. In summer I frequently saw snakes and sea serpents along the coast. But it happened that the saloon where I used to linger had a bookstand next door to it, and on this bookstand was a copy of "Science and Health, With Key to the Scriptures." I passed it ten times a day, and now, at the



TAKING UP THE THREAD.

"AS A MERE MATTER OF CURIOSITY, SIR, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW LONG YOU HAVE BEEN MAKING LOVE TO MY WIFE?"

"I BEGAN, SIR, WHEN YOU LEFT OFF."

end of a month, I see nothing but kind-faced cows and woolly lambs. Great is love. A. TOPER.

Two years ago I was restless and unhappy, my children being half grown and my husband absorbed in his business, when I became a Scientist to cure my hay fever. Since then my children have left me, and my husband is suing me for a divorce, claiming that I have broken up his home. But my hay fever, thanks to Mother, has entirely disappeared.

MRS. SHIFTER.

I had consumption, both lungs being entirely gone, and the doctors had given me up, when one day I bought a copy of "Science and Health, With Key to the Scriptures." My claim, however, at first persisted, and I was at a loss to account for it, until it occurred to me that I had only gotten the cheaper edition of our blessed book. I immediately sent out and bought the six-dollar kind, and with it a souvenir spoon to make sure. I am now both lungs with Mother. PEACH PIPPTON.

I keep a boarding house on Third Avenue. The other day my boarders, without the slightest warning, all had a claim of fresh meat. With only one copy of "Science and Health, With Key to the Scriptures," and a pet cat, I demonstrated a rabbit stew in three-quarters of an hour.

MRS. ROARER.

THERE are habits that cost more to rear than a family.

Assimilation.

WORD comes back from the Philippines that the native women have left off smoking because American women do not smoke.

This augurs well. The heaven is working. It need surprise nobody if native women are presently found who eat their pound of caramels a day, regularly.

LIFE'S ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES.

(See page 117.)

1. THE SUN.
2. THE LEDGER.
3. THE OUTLOOK.
4. THE MEDICAL RECORD.
5. THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER.
6. THE NEW YORK POST.
7. THE ATLANTIC.
8. TOWN AND COUNTRY.



THE JACKPOT.

I sauntered down through Europe,
I wandered up the Nile,
I sought the mausoleums where the mummied
Pharaohs lay :
I found the sculptured tunnel
Where quietly in style
Imperial sarcophagi concealed the royal clay.
Above the vault was graven deep the motto of the crown :
" Who openeth a jackpot may not always rake it down."
It's strange what deep Impressions
Are made by little things.
Within the granite tunneling I saw a dingy cleft ;
It was a cryptic chamber.
I drew, and got four kings
But on a brief comparison I laid them down and left,
Because upon the granite stood that sentence bold and
brown :
" Who openeth a jackpot may not always rake it down."
I make this observation :
A man with such a hand
Has psychologic feelings that perhaps he should not feel,
But I was somewhat rattled
And in a foreign land,
And had some dim suspicions, as I had not watched the
deal,
And there was that suspicion, too, in words that seemed to
frown :
" Who openeth a jackpot may not always rake it down."

Those letters were not graven
In Anglo-Saxon tongue ;
Perhaps if you had seen them you had idly passed them by.
I studied erudition
When I was somewhat young ;
I recognized the language when it struck my classic eye ;
I saw a maxim suitable for monarch or for clown :
" Who openeth a jackpot may not always rake it down."
Detesting metaphysics,
I cannot help but put
A philosophic moral when I think it ought to hand ;
I've seen a " boom " for office
Grow feeble at the root,
Then change into a boomlet—then to a boomerang.
In caucus or convention, in village or in town :
" Who openeth a jackpot may not always rake it down."
—From *Rhymes of the Ironquill*. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

SENATOR HEITFIELD tells a story which is called to his
mind by the prediction that Congress is about to adjourn,
as follows :
" An Irish friend of mine, named Flaherty, had a con-
versation with me about another Irishman we both knew.
" ' O'Grady seems to be doing well where he is,' I said.
" ' Ah ! ' said Flaherty, ' but he'll not lasht long in it.'
" ' Why not ? ' I asked. ' He seems to be doing well.'
" ' Thru for ye,' said Flaherty, ' but he'll not lasht a
month. I've said so iver since he got the job two years
ago, an' I say so now.' " —*New York Tribune*.

ACCORDING to Representative Kyle, this episode hap-
pened in Pickaway County, Ohio :
There is in the county a certain crossroads, where a
patient teacher struggles dally with the development of the
young idea. One morning she was giving the school a les-
son in geography.
" What is a cataract ? " she asked.
There was absolute silence in response, and she ex-
plained the meaning of the word.
" What is a cape ? "
This was better. One of the children knew it was a
point of land jutting out into the water.
" What is a strait ? "
Over in the corner a hand went up " I know, teacher,"
said a small boy.
" Well, what is it ? "
" It beats three of a kind," was the triumphant answer.
—*Washington Post*.

A LITTLE girl had listened during the last few weeks
while her parents discussed the high price of meats and
vegetables. It had been the customary topic at the table,
and the child had been heard to speak about the high price
to her playmates while " playing house " with them. Re-
cently the mother presented the family with a bouncing baby
boy, and the other child was well pleased. In telling about
her new brother to a neighbor last night she exclaimed :
" The doctor brought him this morning. He's awful big.
Wasn't mamma good to buy such a big baby when meat is
so high ? " —*Boston Herald*.

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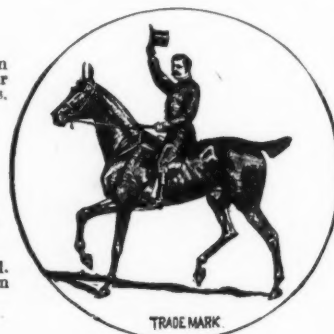
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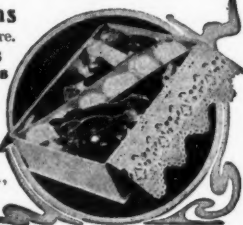
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"WELL, Johnny, what kind of a time did you have on the Fourth?"

"Bully. Our house caught afire three times."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

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and return, from Chicago, via Chicago and North-Western, Union Pacific, and Southern Pacific Railways. First-class round trip tickets on sale August 2 to 8. The electric lighted "Overland Limited" provides the best of everything. Compartment observation cars; buffet library cars (with barber and bath); dining cars. Correspondingly low rates from other points. All agents sell tickets via this route.

"DOLLY is going somewhere with that young man this evening."

"Yes, going to sit with him in the hammock. Right after dinner she went upstairs and put on a dark shirt waist."—Portland Oregonian.

HOTELS CHAMBERLIN and HYGELA. Old Point Comfort, Va. Picturesque surroundings. Hotels Chamberlin and Hygela.

"Poor old Uncle Roxley is so poorly I suppose most any day now we'll be called to attend his funeral," she said.

"Oh, stop," her mother remonstrated. "You're forever thinking of your own pleasure."—Philadelphia Press.

A MEDAL and diploma for "An excellent Champagne, agreeable bouquet, delicious flavor." *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry.*

"O'm descended from Brian Born, ma'am, O'd hov ye know," declared the haughty Mrs. Fitz Clancey.

"Is that all, indade?" replied Mrs. Casey, the humble lady of the corner fruit-stand; "faith, O'm a descendant of Eve, the first apple-woman."—Philadelphia Press.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

Commonwealth Avenue. Electric lights. New and most approved plumbing.

"WHY don't you come to church, John? Come next Sunday, will you?"

"Ow long do it last, zur?"

"Oh, not very long. About an hour or so."

"Lor', bless yer, zur, it bain't worth while changing yer shirt for 't!"—Sketch.

In need of a tonic? Take Abbott's, the Original Angostura, the king of tonics. At grocers and druggists.

"It's so hard to be economical. Many a time I get wishing I was a Russell Sage or something."

"Huh! he's worse off. If it's hard to be economical when you have to, just think how much harder it must be when you don't have to."—Philadelphia Press.

THE LUXURY OF AN OUTING.

It is rather nice to let one's thoughts wander out from the city into country ways and yield to anticipation of summer joys. Let us seek the woods, where we are to be made over and drawn close to the breast of Mother Nature. But before venturing too far into the actual realms of the free and happy outdoor life let us take proper precaution to secure the maximum pleasure with the minimum disappointment and discomfort. Perhaps the surest way to double the joys of vacation days is to follow the example of Robin Hood and his merry men, who knew no care as long as their supply of good old ale was at hand, for then, as now, lovers of outdoor life depended upon ale to open the way for all the good cheer that followed. That the same good old customs which prevailed in olden times are in existence to-day is evidenced by the great increase in the ranks of the army of recreation-seekers and their pronounced partiality for Evans' Ale, which has become famous as a summer beverage for the vigor and enjoyment it imparts to an outing. It is the inspiration of the camp, the solace of the fisherman, the joy of the golfer, and the essence of good fellowship among all men. Evans' Ale is suitable for all places, whether in the mountains, at the seashore, on a yacht, or traveling by train or boat, because it is always in the same perfect condition, and because it cannot spoil, no matter how abused in handling, due to the fact that it does not contain a particle of sediment.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"

"All who joy would win
Must share it,—happiness was born a
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A pure rye,
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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account
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On account of the Biennial Meeting, Knights of Pythias, at San Francisco, Cal., August 11 to 22, 1902, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to San Francisco or Los Angeles from all stations on its lines, from August 1 to 9, inclusive, at greatly reduced rates. These tickets will be good for return passage until September 30, inclusive, when executed by Joint Agent at Los Angeles or San Francisco and payment of 50 cents made for this service. For specific information regarding rates and routes, apply to Ticket Agents.

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Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account
Grand Lodge, B. & P. O. E.

On account of the Grand Lodge, B. & P. O. E., to be held at Salt Lake City, August 12 to 14, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Salt Lake City, from all stations on its lines, at reduced rates. Tickets will be sold and good going on August 6 to 8, inclusive, and will be good to return until September 30, inclusive. Tickets must be validated for return passage by Joint Agent at Salt Lake City, for which service a fee of 50 cents will be charged.

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"Taken from the Enemy"

At the time, now some years ago, when subscriptions were being solicited for the erection of a statue in New York City to President Washington, a gentleman called to secure a contribution from an old resident, who, although wealthy, was a little "near."

On learning the object of the visit, the rich man exclaimed:

"Washington! Washington! Why, Washington does not need a statue. I keep him enshrined in my heart!"

In vain were the visitor's solicitations, and he was naturally indignant at the parsimony of the millionaire.

"Well, Mr. R.," he remarked quietly, as he rose to leave, "all I can say is that if the Father of his Country is in the position in which you describe him he is in a tight place!"

—Short Stories.

AN IDEAL SUMMER OUTING.

If you have put off your vacation until August or September and have not finally made up your mind just where you are going and what you are going to do, it behooves you to consider the inexhaustible territory for brief summer outings which Canada, that "undiscovered country," presents to the tired and weary habitant of the city. Here's an itinerary that will stir your blood just to think it over: A night's ride over the New York Central road to Clayton, on the St. Lawrence River; embarking on the palatial steamers of the Richelleu & Ontario Navigation Company at seven A. M. you sail through the Thousand Islands and arrive in Montreal before dark, having had a day of excitement running the numerous rapids of that lordly waterway. Changing from one steamer to another of the same line at the same dock, you leave an hour later for Quebec, arriving next morning. You could spend a month profitably in that ancient city, but a brief vacation eliminates much that is desirable, and after one day spent in doing the town and visiting Montmorency Falls, you take the next morning's train for the trip of your life over the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, 200 miles north through the Canadian Adirondacks to that great inland sea Lake St. John, where the greatest game fish of this continent abounds—the Ouananiche, or land-locked, leaping salmon. The wondrous beauty of this ride in a parlor-car through a wild and mountainous country invading the wilderness home of the moose, bear and beaver is not to be described here. An ever-changing panorama of precipitous mountains towering overhead and yawning chasms deep below, the road running for miles beside fish-laden rivers and lakes, terminating at one of the most luxurious of summer hotels, The Roberval, overlooking Lake St. John. You are struck by the utter incongruity of such luxury and comfort in so wild and primeval a region. Canoes, guides and fishing tackle are furnished by "Mine Host" Beemer of The Roberval, and four days' quest among the rapids and eddies of that famous lake for that gamest of finny fighters, the ouananiche, is enough for a tenderfoot. A sixty-mile ride on the train brings you to Chicoutimi, the head of navigation on the far-famed Saguenay River, of which Lake St. John is the source. Here again we find the steamers of the Richelleu & Ontario Navigation Company, which take us for a day's ride down that sombre and bottomless stream, cleft through the mountains of the Saguenay on its way to the sea. Once more the noble St. Lawrence, two days in Quebec, on to Montreal for another two days, and back to New York over the picturesque Delaware & Hudson Railroad, taking the steamer route through Lake Champlain and that marvel of beauty, Lake George, with one day thrown in for the natural wonders of Au Sable Chasm, and your choice of the New York Central road or the famous Day Line steamers down the Hudson from Albany to New York. And all in two weeks' time, with a full night's rest either on board the steamer or at a hotel for every night of your absence. With such a prospect as this there should be little deliberation over the choice of a vacation route.

It is related that when the Earl of Rochester, in the reign of Charles the Second, rose to make his maiden speech in the House of Lords, he said: "My lords, my lords, I rise this time for the first time—the very first time. My lords, I divide my speech into four branches." Here there was an embarrassing pause of some seconds. "My lords," the earl then ejaculated, "if ever I rise again in this House, you may cut me off, root and branches, and all forever."

—Argonaut.

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT
MADE MILWAUKEE
FAMOUS

Beer is barley-malt and hops---a food and a tonic. Just a touch of alcohol in it.

Not a beverage known to man is more healthful, if the beer is right.

'Tis the national beverage, from childhood up, with the sturdiest peoples of the earth.

To the weak, it's essential; to the strong it is good.

BUT—the beer must be pure.

Impurity means germs, and germs multiply rapidly in any saccharine product like beer.

And the beer must be old.

Age means perfect fermentation. Without it, beer ferments on the stomach, causing biliousness.

Schlitz beer is brewed in absolute cleanliness.

It is cooled in a plate glass room, in filtered air.

Then it is filtered; then aged for months in refrigerating rooms. After it is bottled and sealed every bottle is sterilized.

Not a germ can exist in it.

These costly precautions have made Schlitz the standard for purity wherever beer is known.

You can get it just as well as common beer if you ask for it.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

SUMMER TOUR TO THE NORTH.

Vacation Trip to Canada via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad personally-conducted tour to Northern New York and Canada, leaving August 13, covers many prominent points of interest to the Summer tourist—Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Rapids of the St. Lawrence, Quebec, The Saguenay, Montreal, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, and Saratoga. The tour covers a period of fifteen days; round-trip rate, \$125.

The party will be in charge of one of the Company's tourist agents, assisted by an experienced lady as chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies.

The rate covers railway and boat fare for the entire round trip, parlor-car seats, meals en route, hotel entertainment, transfer charges, and carriage hire.

For detailed itinerary, tickets, or any additional information, apply to Ticket Agents, Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

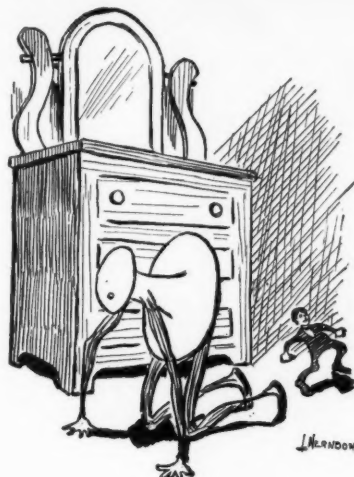


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The Collar Button: I WONDER WHERE THAT BLANKETY BLANK MAN IS.

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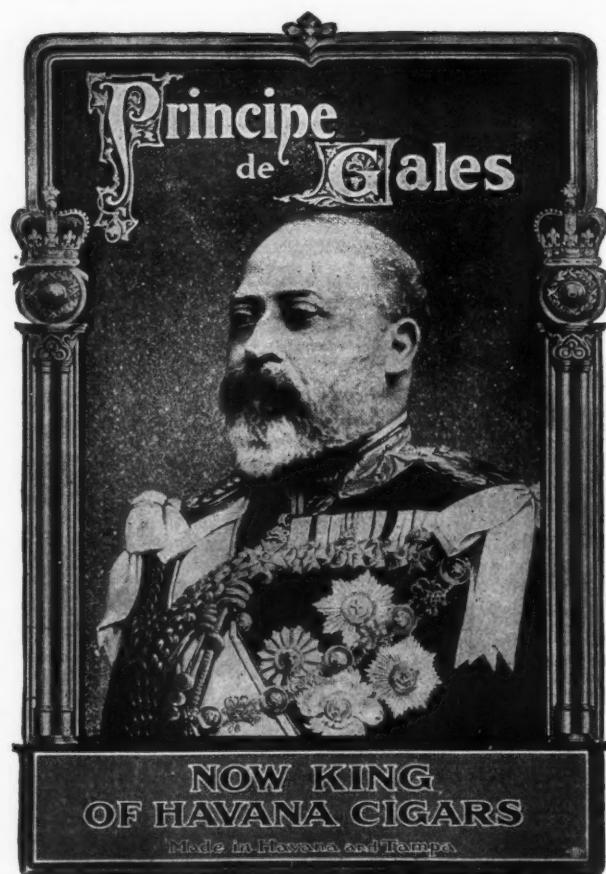
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The Lady: DID ANYONE CALL WHILE I WAS OUT?

The Maid: NO, MA'AM.

"THAT'S VERY STRANGE. I WONDER WHAT PEOPLE THINK I HAVE AN
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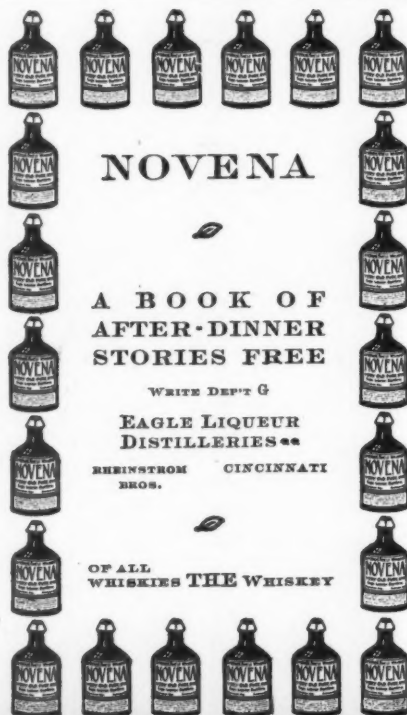


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